

A Little Trouble Maker

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Category: How to Train Your Dragon

Genre: Family

Language: English

Characters: Hiccup, Valhallarama

Status: Completed

Published: 2013-01-10 21:12:05

Updated: 2013-01-10 21:12:05

Packaged: 2016-04-26 14:21:34

Rating: K

Chapters: 1

Words: 702

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

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****Summary: A little snip of the inside life of the Haddock's; more precisely between mother and son. ****

Valhallarama groaned as she began to once again toss and turn in the middle of the night. The proud strong female Viking was annoyed and aggravated, pregnancy was not supposed to be this difficult. She had never heard the other women in the village have this much trouble. Val rubbed her swollen seven month belly where her baby lay and whispered to it as not to wake her sleeping husband beside her, "please babe just this one night allow me to sleep." She was answered by a kick to her stomach and she groaned closing her eyes tightly. Only when she felt another larger hand on top of hers did she look up to see the man she called her husband staring at her.

"The baby keeping you up again?" She only nodded cringing as she felt another kick, this time to her spine. When she heard a deep chuckle coming from Stoick though she glared happily that at least someone was amused at her discomfort, but his words did bring her some joy, "I can't wait to see how great of a Viking you'll be when your older, if you already can bring down your mother."

Val rolled her eyes as Stoick went back to sleep as she tried to lay in a position her baby liked, which was on her side. Quietly saying to herself and to the man sleeping beside her, "he only has the upper hand because he's inside me." She wrapped her arms around her bump as she finally felt the infant calm down enough for her to get some shuteye. Before going to sleep she thought, "I don't know about a great warrior, but I know you are a trouble maker," and she fell

asleep with a smile on her face.

Four years and a month later Val was washing some of the laundry when Gobber came rushing towards her screaming to get back to the house. She dropped everything and ran towards her home to see smoke coming from the inside. Her mind went to the worse as she rushed inside to get her son out of the now death trap. They both came out with only a little soot on their personal as she held her auburn hair green-eyed freckled face son, who happen to smile up at his mother as a couple of men put out the small fire.

It turned out some of her laundry that she was drying was too close to the fire that was blazing. Her brows forward only because she did not recall moving any of their laundry near the fire, let alone starting one. All became clear though when the small toddler in her arms smiled and called out, "Mommy I helped." Then men who put out the flames laughed and went on their merry way wishing the mother luck with her son.

Val smiled and sighed out, "Oh Hiccup." She brushed some of his shaggy auburn hair back with her fingers saying, "I was right you're a little trouble maker." He pouted afraid he was going to be in trouble, but she wiped the soot off his freckled cheek and kissed it, "but you're mine."

The toddler giggled as he was put down and she pushed him towards the other children, "now go on and play with your friends." When he was about to listen to his mother she called out one last time, "Oh and Hiccup don't help mommy with the laundry anymore." He just nodded chasing a butterfly down towards the others as Val watched him go she mumbled to herself while shaking her head, "my little trouble maker."

****A/N:** Just a little thought that popped into my head, maybe it's because I have a huge family and soon another little addition so everyone was talking about their own pregnancies and the difficulties through it. Either way I can just picture this actually happening with Valhallarama during her own pregnancy and raising Hiccup, that and calling him a trouble maker since he's like Curious George with a splash of helpfulness in his bones.**

End
file.